LOVE and COURTSHIP,

A

POEM.

In Three CANTOS.

Nunc tibi quæ placuit, quas sit capienda per Artes,
Dicere præcipuæ molior Artis opus.
Ovid de Art. Amand. Lib. 1.

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A

POEM.

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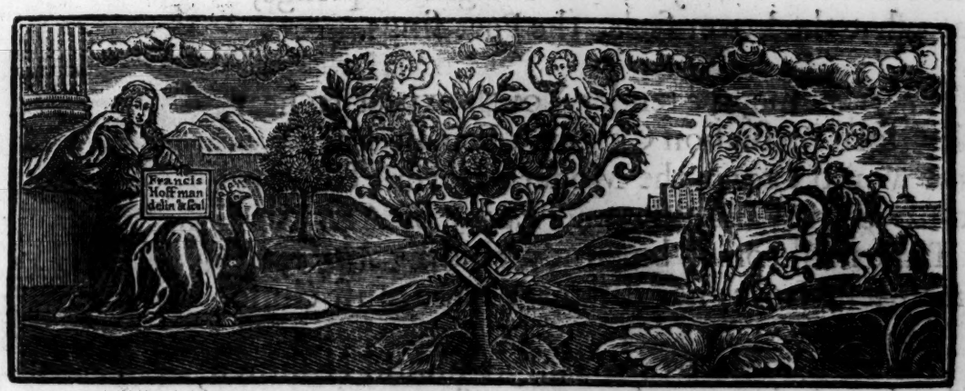

LOVE and COURTSHIP.

CANTO I.

ARMS not the Warriors, but the Lovers Care,
More blisful Camps, and more invitin̄g War;
How eager Youth with artful Patience rove
Thro' the long Mazes of deluding Love?
'Till mixt with Nymphs, the friendly hostile (Train,
Draw out to Combat on the Linnen-Plain.

ARMS am'rous Arms, and wanton Wars I sing,
Aid me ye Pow'rs from whence their Causes Spring.
Let *Mars* unenvy'd thro' thick Slaughter rove;
Mine be the softer Discipline of Love.

ASSIST kind *Venus*, whose all-conqu'ring Charms
Subdue the Captive God of Battel's Arms;
That wound the Hearts of Mortals here below,
Proud to be Slaves to such a pleasing Foe.

CUPID, whose feather'd Arms unerring fly
O'er Earth and Seas, and far extended Sky,
Make me first taste the Subject of my Lays,
Know the sweet Theme, nor unexperienc'd praise:
Make me, O make me feel the smother'd Fire,
Blaze into Flame, and rage into Desire,
Greet with a Shaft, and with a Wound inspire.

When not from *Muſes*, nor imagin'd Springs,
But what the Lover feels, the Poet ſings.

FROM me, ye tender Youth expect to hear,
What ſoft Perſuaſion Charms a Female Ear:
Fain would I teach the Modern Lover's Heart
To Love, to Vanquiſh, and Enjoy by Art.
A Time ſhall come, but my preluding *Muſe*,
On antient Loves her diſtant Theme muſt chuſe.

'TIS fit ſome great Example ſhould be ſhown,
Of others Judgments 'ere we truſt our own.
The Man that would in Love accompliſh'd be,
Muſt trace that Paſſion from its Infancy.
Set out with all Advantages inſpir'd,
By Nature prompted, and Example fir'd.
Thus the young Turtle with obſerving Eye,
Views his learn'd Parent cut the yielding Sky,
Aims at her Strokes, and but attempts to fly.
'Till Strength acquir'd, and Nature makes him dare
Boldly to launch himſelf in Liquid Air.

A FLAME refin'd, from Emulation ſprings,
And the *Firſt Lovers* were but awkard Things.
We Moderns bleſt with two kind Gifts of Fate,
Have Pow'r both to invent, and imitate.

HEAR then ye Swains, while I with Care rehearſe
Diſtinguiſh'd Antients Flames in grateful Verſe;
Who ſtoop'd in Ages paſt to *Cupid*'s Sway,
The God commands it, and I muſt obey.

FIRST, let the much admired *Paris* move,
To fire your Souls, and give a Looſe to Love.
Gods do your worſt, the rapt'rous Lover cry'd,
I'm far o'er-paid if Hellen *be my Bride.*

HOW Mild her Air, how Beautious her Mein,
And Lips too luſcious to be only ſeen;
Her Face more Fair than new-fall'n Mountain Snow,
Her bluſhing Cheeks like blooming Roſes glow;
Ten Thouſand little Loves around her ſtray,
Some thro' her Silver Treſſes fondly play;
Or gently on her heaving Boſom riſe,
Fluſh in her Face, or wanton in her Eyes.

THOSE

THOSE ſparkling Eyes, like heav'nly Lamps appear,
And ſhine more Tempting than the Manſions there;
More than the Sun's faint Beams her Beauty warms,
And proves no Heav'n is like a Woman's Charms.
Let Troops of *Greeks* our *Phrygian* State o'erturn,
Neptunian Towers, and *Priam*'s Palace burn.
On Terms like theſe I'd Wed my *Spartan* Dame,
Tho' mine extinguiſh in my Country's Flame.
Pleaſure to me, nor Pomp, nor Fortune yields,
Nor Honour dearly bought in fighting Fields.
Unenvy'd there may fierce *Atrides* rove,
While ſofter *Paris* Triumphs in his Love.
I'd claſp my Fair, tho' *Troy*'s Foundation ſhake,
And meet her Ruin for my *Hellen*'s Sake.

NOR leſs than *Paris* has *Læander* prov'd,
His ſtedfaſt Paſſion for the Nymph he lov'd;
Penſive he gaz'd the loathſome Light away,
Too long prevented by the Glare of Day.
'Twas all the Bliſs that abſent Lover found,
To view thoſe Walls that hem'd his *Hero* round.
When kind Occaſion offer'd to his Sight,
Born on the Wings of Love performing Light.
Parents no more their rigid Vigils kept,
And all obſerving Eyes ſecurely ſlept;
The Youth undaunted view'd the threat'ning Flood,
And watchful of the promis'd Signal ſtood.
The *Seſtian* Torches ſoon their Light diſplay,
And faintly glimmer o'er the wat'ry Way.
Nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Night his Courſe reſtrain,
And envious Seas, but interpoſe in vain.
Unmov'd he ſtems the Waves, the guiding Light,
And wiſh'd for Turrets meet his longing Sight.
At length from raging Seas to Raptures led,
He changes *Thetis* for his *Hero*'s Bed.
The Fate his Body 'ſcap'd his Senſes found,
With her in extaſy of Pleaſure drown'd.

BUT ſay my *Muſe*, what mighty Bards have try'd,
Love's fatal Pow'r, and as his Victims dy'd?
What wounded Captives of the tuneful Throng,
Have made their Pains the Subject of their Song.

SAPPHO to Verſe, and Love alike inſpir'd,
At once by *Venus* and the *Muſes* fir'd.
None with ſuch Art could touch the trembling String,
Or in ſuch ſoft'ning Sounds their Paſſion ſing.
Her might the tuneful Nine their Siſter chuſe,
Altho' the youngeſt, not the meaneſt *Muſe*:
Heav'n, Earth, and Seas, all liſten'd while ſhe ſung,
The laſt ſad Accents of her tuneful Tongue.

A PINING Nymph, O wand'ring *Phaon* hear,
To her Rememb'rance drop one piteous Tear.
No more ſhe claims than juſtly is her Due:
So many Thouſands has ſhe ſhed for you.
To miſs whoſe Preſence, or whoſe Favour gain,
Was all my Pleaſure This, That all my Pain?
Ne'er could my Thoughts from your Embraces rove,
Love was my Life, and all my Life was Love:
Far from my Arms diſdaining *Phaon* flies,
For him, the ſad rejected *Sappho* dies.
Once in her *Phaon*'s Arms was *Sappho* bleſt,
He all the Treaſure of her Soul poſſeſt:

COMPLAINING thus, as on the Beach ſhe ſtood,
She ceas'd, and plung'd into the raging Flood.
Scarce could the Waves ſo fierce a Paſſion tame,
And ſlowly quench'd the long reluctant Flame.

YE *Britiſh* Youth, attend the tuneful Throng,
Suck the choice Sweets of each laſcivious Song.
But above all let *Ovid* be your Guide,
Feed on his Thoughts, in his Inſtructions pride;
By him Love's Flames with more ſenſation glow'd,
And Lays refin'd in ſweeter Numbers flow'd:
Not *Venus* ſelf e'er felt ſuch warm Deſire,
Nor flaming *Ætna* burnt with fiercer Fire.
Corinna guided firſt the fatal Dart,
With Hands unerring to the Poets Heart;
Beneath her Walls he wander'd all alone,
To Stones relentleſs make inceſſant Moan:
Now from her Window view'd the glimmering Light,
A while tranſported at the ſhort liv'd Sight;
When that extinguiſh'd all his Pains return'd,
The penſive Lover wrap'd in Darkneſs mourn'd.

At her obdurate Threſhold proſtrate lay,
And wept the melancholy Night away;
Ev'n miſſive Gates, inexorable Bars,
And flinty Walls were moiſten'd with his Tears.

PRAY'RS, Tears, and Mid-night Watching ſu'd in vain,
'Till am'rous Elegies Enjoyment gain.
Verſe to its Author's Arms the Prize betrays,
And Charms enjoy'd reward his Love and Lays.

TOO weak a Guard could great *Apollo* prove,
To ſcreen his Sons from all victorious Love,
'Tis ſo: His Wreaths proclaim the fatal Dart,
That deeply pierc'd the God's Immortal Heart.
In vain he once purſu'd a flying Fair,
'Till tir'd ſhe ſtop'd, and firmly rooted there;
Then did his Eyes his Hope deluded ſee,
And whom they loſt a Miſtreſs, choſe a Tree.
Honour ſurvives the ſhort liv'd Paſſion dead,
And what ſhould fill his Arms, now crowns his Head,
As well as Earth does Heav'n itſelf obey,
Inſulting *Cupid*'s arbitrary Sway.
An Infant God ſo vaſt a Pow'r commands,
And deepeſt Wounds are made by little Hands.

MY ſearching Thoughts their laſt Example meet,
Within the Walls of hallow'd *Paraclete*;
Where ſtern Religion bore ſevereſt Sway,
And Melancholy Maids impriſon'd lay;
From Love's warm Life debar'd and doom'd to be
Sad Victims of Eternal Chaſtity:
Where nightly Vigils, Coldneſs, Faſting, Pray'r,
Were all th' Amuſements of the Cloiſter'd Fair.
Not theſe could *Eloiſa*'s Pains remove,
In all the Diſadvantages of Love:
Her unextinguiſhable Flames return'd,
And fiercer in the Midſt of Coldneſs burn'd;
Still were her Thoughts on *Abelard* employ'd,
Still ſhe in Dreams her *Abelard* enjoy'd:
At Morning wept, her Hopes and Paſſion croſt,
And mourn'd the ne'er poſſeſs'd Illuſion loſt.
Ne'er could weak Vows her ſtronger Paſſion ſway,
Nor Time, nor Diſtance, wear it all away:
Her Heart retains the dear forbidden Charm,
Conſtant in Abſence, in a Convent Warm.

IMPERIAL *Cupid*, do thy Darts subdue
The Bard, the Hero, and the Vestal too,
Unnerve the Strong, affright the falt'ring Brave,
And turn a Tyrant to a passive Slave.

MAY future Ages own thy Sov'reign Sway,
O could my *Muse* but Charm 'em to obey,
Thy willing Slaves should kiss their doated Chains,
Boast of their Wounds, and Triumph in their Pains.

CANTO II.

LONG ſince have Poets form'd their airy Dreams
Of fancy'd *Muſes*, and of fancy'd *Streams*,
Imaginary Gods o'er *Pindus* rove,
Or ſweetly warble in th' *Arcadian* Grove.
O'er *Pindus* Top, or all th' *Arcadian* Plain,
Who ſearch to find 'em, ever ſearch in vain.
The wiſer Sort in theſe politer Days,
Think they have no Exiſtence but in *Lays:*
Strange! when created from the Poet's Head,
The new-born Babes their ſuppliant Patents aid.

FROM Heav'n the Female-Sex their Birth-right claim,
They make their Poet, not their Poet them.
What Tongue can all their num'rous Charms rehearſe,
Who ſoar beyond the falt'ring Pow'r of Verſe.

EV'N Thoughts from hence far off affrighted fly,
Trembling, and conſcious of a Task too high.
Submiſſive here, I curb my darſtard *Lays*,
Yet ſtill admire thoſe Charms I dare not praiſe.

YE Fair, whoſe Beauty I with wonder view,
Your-ſelves my Subject, and my *Muſe*'s too.
Ye tempting Fair, permit me to impart,
The ſure Acceſſes to a Virgin-Heart:
Your Arms are fatal, and your Conqueſt ſure,
Deeply you Wound, be grateful then, and Cure.
Divineſt Raptures on your Smiles attend,
Paſt Sorrows find their long deſir'd End.
From one kind Look, we Captives prize it ſo,
'Tis bought too cheaply with an Age of Woe.

BY you inſpir'd, Love's ſacred Paths I tread,
And ſcorn imaginary *Muſes* Aid.

Preſume

Preſume to teach the blooming Youth to rove
Thro' all the bliſsful Labyrinths of Love;
To find by curious Search ſome Fav'rite Fair,
And fix for ever his Affections there.

NOR need he range a tedious Tract of Ground,
Before this wiſh'd for Paramour is found:
At Park, or Play, or Mid-night Maſquerade,
The City Paſtime, or the Rural Shade.
The Youth tho' ne'er ſo difficult to pleaſe,
May ſuit his Fancy in a Choice with eaſe.

BUT Oh! of baſe Ingratitude beware,
Be ſtrictly Conſtant to a Faithful Fair:
The Falſe alone 'tis Merit to deceive,
Thoſe never ſhould be left that ne'er will leave.

TOWN Gaiety to ſome may give Offence,
And your taſte lead to Rural Innocence:
Experteſt Judges in ſo nice a Caſe,
Allow the Church the beſt intriguing Place.
There fondly gaze on ſome bright little Fair,
Debar'd from Man by tender Mother's Care:
Ne'er ſeen Abroad but on a Sabbath-Day,
Freed from her Week's Impriſonment to pray.

HOW oft to that moſt venerable Dome,
Do Women only to be gaz'd at come?
The Men to view ſome celebrated Maid,
In her full Bloom of Gaiety diſplay'd.

COME then ye Nymps in gaudy Dreſs array'd,
In all the Charms of wanton Pride diſplay'd:
To Cenſure deaf, by thirſt of Conqueſt fir'd,
Gay to be view'd, and proud to be admir'd.
Ye blooming Swains in am'rous Mood appear,
And fondly gaze on Female Brightneſs here.
Beauty that moſt attractive heav'nly Prize,
Demands juſt Worſhip from a Lover's Eyes.
Beauty can charm the Soul's miſguided Sight,
Like that deluding nightly Vapours Light;
That bears the wand'ring Traveller away,
Like him thro' dang'rous Paths we blindly ſtray;
Pleas'd with the Preſent, ne'er the Future heed,
Tho' ſure Deſtruction ſhould at laſt ſucceed.

BUT ſee among the Crowd ſome Captive Swain,
While his Eyes wander o'er the Female Train;
Fixes at laſt on ſome diſtinguiſh'd One,
Admires, Adores, and Dwells on her alone:
Feeds with devouring Looks on ev'ry Grace,
And doats on all the Wonders of her Face:
Yet arm'd with ſome remaining Reaſon blames
Thoſe noted, dang'rous, tho' reſiſtleſs Flames:
Now pain'd, now pleas'd, deſpiſes, or eſteems,
And taſtes by Fits the Rage of both Extremes.

BUT ſoon that ſubtle Minor *Cupid*'s Dart,
Supprizes the weak Fortreſs of his Heart;
The pleaſing Foe ſtole in, he ſtrives too late,
The conſcious Nymph perceives his growing Fate;
With one enchanting Smile his Soul diſarms,
How ſure the Witchcraft of a Woman's Charms?

ON Love like Quickſands by ſome Veſſel croſt,
In vain we Reaſon for our Pilot boaſt,
All that touch there are in a Moment loſt.
The Tyrant firſt enſlaves, then ſets us free
To new and more deſir'd Liberty:
Robs for a while, but does at laſt reſtore
The Robb'd to Wealth, he ne'er enjoy'd before;

FAR from his native Lawns the wounded Deer,
Forlorn with Anguiſh, and exil'd by Fear;
With trembling Speed retires to Plains unknown,
There to indulge his ſolitary Moan.
Not leſs forlorn the pining Lover roves
To darkſome Shades, and melancholy Groves;
Hides from the World his lifeleſs Body there,
His abſent Soul attends the Fav'rite Fair:
When welcome Darkneſs gives a kind Diſguiſe,
To ſhield the watching Youth from Vulgar Eyes:
Beneath her Walls he waits the tedious Night,
And from her Window views the glimm'ring Light:
If then the Nymph, tho' but a Moment's Space,
Shows the leaſt Glimps of her Angelick Face,
The ſhort liv'd Pleaſure does his Senſe deſtroy,
And he turns Madman with Exceſs of Joy.

EV'N flinty Walls that hem the *Fair-One* round,
Ev'n Footſteps printed on the verdant Ground;
Or Fav'rite Lap-Dog by her Hand careſt,
Or Widow by her leaning Elbow preſt;
When her *Dear-Self* at envious Diſtance lies,
Afford ſome Pleaſure to a Lover's Eyes.
What vain Pretences makes he when 'tis Light,
With one ſtoln Look to feed his longing Sight;
Oft does he ſee, oft paſs her Door in vain,
Rack'd by Diſpair, by Hope reviv'd again.
Thus between Bliſs and Woes diſputed Sway,
He lives and dies a thouſand Times a Day.

FROM the firſt Sight, ye Gods, what racking Pain
To that *dear Minute* we *Poſſeſſion* gain?
For Ages long do bleeding Hearts endure,
Severeſt Wounds for ſuch a pleaſing Cure:
To which the ſore afflicted Lovers go,
Thro' the rough Paths of far extended Woe.
PERSIST with Courage then tormented Swain,
Let Hopes of Pleaſure ſweeten all your Pain:
Soon does the Nymph by ſecret Symptoms find,
The growing Paſſions of a Lover's Mind;
Appears whenever you approach in View,
And with her Smiles enſlaves your Heart anew.

WHEN firſt you ſee her luckily alone,
Tho' Strange to ſpeech, to ſight Familiar grown;
Approach her rev'rently with decent Care,
Attack with Courage, yet Diſſemble fear:
Let both Sincerity and Paſſion frame,
Not a more ardent than a laſting Flame.
'Tis one great Point our Wiſhes to attain,
But greater far to Merit what we gain.
The Nymph to Merit will attentive prove,
Reward your Sufferings, and accept your Love:
And as a Mark of more peculiar Grace,
Conſent to meet you in ſome private Place;
Then feed your Hopes, and look above Deſpair,
When you have free Acceſſes to the Fair.

FOR not malicious Tongues of evil Fame,
Detain her burning with a mutual Flame.

Nor

Nor rigid Parents arbitrary Sway,
Nor Bars by Night, nor conſtant Watch by Day.
Cunningly fearful when her Mother ſleeps,
Down Stairs without her Shoes ſhe ſoftly creeps.
The waiting Lover now ſtill as the Dead,
Hears the ſoft Muſick of her gentle Tread:
The opening Door on pliant Hinges glides,
Thus cunning *Thisbe* 'ſcap'd her thoughtleſs Guides.
The Youth now Bluſhes, now all Pale appears,
That Colour ſpeaks his Flames, and this his Fears.
Such Meetings tho' they work a Lover's Will,
With ſome few needleſs Fears are bitter'd ſtill.
Around they often turn their wary Eyes,
Indulging Raptures, yet they dread Surprize.
Tho' ſuch ſmall Fears not pall their Pleaſure quite,
But gently curb 'em from too high a Flight.
Bleſt with his *Fair-One*'s Smiles the raptur'd Swain
Repeats his Suff'rings, nor repeats in vain;
With Smiles, with Kiſſes, ſhe his Pains repays,
And heals his wounded Heart a thouſand Ways.
The Wings of *Time* with ſwifter Motions fly,
And Hours like Minutes paſs unheeded by.

PUSH not the Queſtion Home too ſoon, but ſee
The Nymph good humour'd to the laſt Degree;
'Till her Eyes bid you rifle all her Charms,
And fly ſecurely to her willing Arms.
Lovers with Patience ſhould their Time employ,
For that which eager Haſte does oft deſtroy.
'Tis thus in Fevers we moſt Rage endure,
Yet milder Maladies may kill as ſure:
The ſly Conſumption gives a ſilent Blow,
And he ſtrikes ſureſt who advances ſlow.

BLEST is the Youth when with a better Face,
He comes invited to the fav'rite Place:
When needleſs Fears are vaniſh'd far away,
And grant a Liberty to meet by Day.
Of modeſt Carriage carefully appear,
When the ſtrict Guardians of her Youth are near:
Wiſely Serene, yet ſuddenly more Free,
When raptur'd with a Minute's Privacy.
But, if kind Fate obſerving Eyes remove,
And one delicious Hour indulge your Love,

With

With her to take an Afternoon's Repaſt,
Tea, the Refiner of the *Britiſh* Taſte.
When all its Implements in Order ſtand,
Promiſcuous Wares of *China* and *Japan*.
With Admiration feed your eager Eyes
On the Fair Miſtreſs, and the gilded Prize.
A Prize that merits more than Mortal Praiſe,
Politeſt Thoughts, and faſhionable Lays:
Such as can ne'er from Poets Fancy ſpring,
Unleſs inſpir'd by that dear Theme they ſing.
With more enliv'ning Fire from ſcented Steams
Of ſtrong *Bohea*, than *Aganippe*'s Streams.
What Flames refin'd by conſcious Bluſhes own,
Each Pair that ſip this modiſh Liquor down.
Cupid infus'd in this by Magick Art,
Himſelf flows ſlily to a Lover's Heart:
Fondly they gaze, and in each other ſee
New Pleaſures rais'd by Love-inſpiring Tea.
Thus two kind Linnets by a Fountain Side,
Warble their mutual Loves with wanton Pride;
They dip their glowing Bill, they ſport, they play,
And chant their little flutt'ring Lives away.
Beſure whatever Favour you receive,
Beyond thoſe due Returns your Love muſt give.
Feign higher Raptures, Nature mend by Art,
A Lover cannot over-act his Part.

HER Actions, nay, her very Faults commend,
In ev'ry Point unwilling to offend.
Faults by themſelves deviſ'd the curious find,
There can be no ſuch Things in Womankind.
What we call Faults, thro' them Perfections grow,
At leaſt we *Lovers* muſt allow 'em ſo:
And gladly all forgive where *Beauty* ſues,
No *Crime* ſo vile but *Beauty* can excuſe.

CANTO III.

DIVINE *Cytherea*, Queen of ſoft Deſire,
Whoſe dazzling Brightneſs ſets the World on fire:
Ye Ghoſts of am'rous Swains, of melting Maids,
And *Love-ſick* Poets, long departed Shades!
That penſive murmur thro' th' *Elyſian* Groves,
The ſad Rehearſal of your former Loves.
Inſpire me, oh inſpire me to explain
The ſureſt Ways to eaſe a Lover's Pain;
To raiſe him drooping from his Charmer's Feet,
And make his Raptures in her Arms compleat.

TO get her far from Home your Time employ,
'Tis one great Point to crown a Lover's Joy:
Strange Places all by true Experience find,
Have ſtrange Effects upon a Female-Mind.

BUT nightly Balls the moſt their Paſſions move,
The ſtrongeſt Prelude to compleating Love;
Where Muſick's melting Charms the Soul ſubdue,
And ſprightly Movements tune the Body too.

THE tender Nymph by ſoft Perſuaſion charm'd,
By Muſick ſoften'd, and by Dancing warm'd:
Tun'd to your Wiſh, in pure good Nature yields
To trace the flow'ry Vales, and ſilent Fields.
When the pale Moon reflects her borrow'd Light,
And faintly glimmers o'er the Realms of Night:
Suſpicion vaniſh'd at the Cloſe of Day,
And all obſerving Eyes are mov'd away.
Now Night and Silence, Time and Place conſpire
To raiſe each youthful Heart to new Deſire,
And ſighing Breezes fan the glowing Fire.

THE Silver Moon ſmiles on each *Love-ſick-Pair*;
The glitt'ring Stars in kinder Mood appear;

And ſeem to wink to gazing Lovers Sight,
As tho' conſenting to each ſtoln Delight.
The raptur'd Pair in am'rous Poſture rove,
And their Tongues warble o'er the Tales of Love:
With Arms entwining round each others Waſte,
Alike embracing, and alike embrac'd.
Toying they talk the flying Night away,
The liſt'ning Breezes round 'em gently play.
No hollow Voice is heard from neighb'ring Woods;
No Murmurs riſe from off the quiet Floods.
Nature herſelf forbids their Streams to flow,
And all her Works a pleas'd Attention ſhow.
Sad *Philomel* alone in wailing Strains,
Hears them complaining, and herſelf complains.
How ſweet upon the Wings of Silence floats
The melting Muſick of her ſlender Notes?
But not the Birds that ſweetly tune the Night,
Nor thoſe that tow'ring Greet the new-born Light;
Not *Orpheus* ſelf, tho' all the liſt'ning Throng,
Ev'n Things Inanimate admir'd his Song.
Could *Charm* with ſofter *Sounds* a *Lover*'s Ear,
Than *Virgin-Voices* breath'd in Mid-Night Air.

ADMIRING Youth, when thus with artful Wiles,
Your Fav'rite ſweetly talks, and kindly ſmiles:
When her Tongue ſoftens thus your melting Soul,
Judge by that Part the Beauty of the Whole.
The *Fair* like *Syrens* kills you when ſhe charms,
Be doom'd to death, but die within her Arms.
Conſenting Night, each Love-performing Grove,
Now almoſt lead you to *Compleating Love*.
Ev'n Silence finds a Tongue to bid you try
What Myſtick Pow'rs in *ſoft Allurements* lie.

AVOID Extreams, nor ſlowly backward be
To Nymphs good Humour'd to the *Laſt Degree*.
Nor at your Peril eager to *enjoy*
One, that's by Nature *Cold*, by Breeding *Coy*.
Thus will your Int'reſt be with both deſtroy'd,
Theſe will your Converſation quite avoid;
Thoſe laugh to ſcorn: Nor raſh, nor fearful prove,
But learn with Art the *Golden-Mean* of *Love*:
By none abhor'd, nor turn'd to ridicule,
Nor yet be call'd a Ruffian, or a Fool.

LET ſoft Expreſſions from your Soul impart
The *lively Image* of a *wounded Heart:*
What *Racks*, what *Pains*, what *Tortures* you endure,
Which *ſhe* ALONE, and NONE but *ſhe* can *Cure.*

BEYOND all *Bound* let your warm *Wiſhes* ſoar,
In *Flights* unknown to *Mortal Thought* before.
Swear that the great enliv'ning Source of *Light*,
Shall ſooner than your *Flames*, extinguiſh quite:
Flames, which his fiery Beams ſo far outdo,
More *Pure*, more *Fervent*, and more *Laſting* too.
With *Vows*, with *Sighs*, with *Tears*, and *Paſſion* try
To make the Nymph in gen'rous Pity *Die:*
Die to your *Arms*, and bend her meeting *Waſte*,
Tho' ſilent, ſuing to be *there* Embrac'd.
On her *dear Lips* in eager *Rapture* pour
Of *Liquid Kiſſes*, an unbounded *Show'r.*
Suck in her very *Soul*, and fondly *ſip*,
Ambroſial Sweets from off each *Ruby Lip.*

YE Gods, what *Tranſports* wrap the *melting Swain*,
What quick *Senſation* thrills thro' ev'ry Vein?
The FAIR *Careſſing*, by the FAIR *Careſt*,
He ſucks her *juicy Lips*, or *heaving Breaſt*;
Born on the *Wings* of ev'ry *Balmy Kiſs*,
To the *high Heaven* of exalted BLISS.

AND, if the Nymph by conſcious *Paſſion* bold,
Ne'er once reject, nor ſtruggle from your *Hold:*
Or ſtrive but *faintly* to reject you *ſo*,
As if ſhe would not have you let her *go*;
With curious Eyes *obſerve* thro' ev'ry *Part*,
How all her *Features* do *betray* her *Heart.*

HER Cheeks with kind *conſenting Bluſhes* glow,
In ſuch aſpiring Red her *Paſſion* ſhow,
That *fading Roſes* in her Boſom lie,
For Envy griev'd to be ſurpaſs'd in *Dye.*
The *mantling Blood* all other *Seats* diſdains,
And flies to meet you *there* from all her Veins.

HER Eyes tho' ſilent ſpeak her Soul on *Fire*,
And dart with Emanations of *Deſire.*

Thoſe

Thoſe little *Orbs* by *inward Paſſion* move,
Confeſs the *Force* of *all-victorious* LOVE.

AS blazing *Comets* bright, tho' frightful *Beams*,
Shoot thro' the Mid-night Air in *ſanguine Streams*;
Obſerving *Sages* by that *Signal* know
Impending *Wonders* threat the World below.
So theſe *Love-Comets* give the *Lover*'s *Sign*,
No leſs portentous of a *yielding Mind*.
Graſp but her Hand with equal Flame ſhe burns,
If ſhe with equal *Heat* that *Graſp* returns.
Her *moiſt'ning Palm* with *tickling Fingers* feel,
There find how faſt her *Paſſions* lower ſteal.

LOVE's Paſſion from below ſteals gently higher,
The more they ſink, the more they ſtill aſpire:
Ent'ring above, they gently downwards flow,
And make the moſt exſtatick Height *below*.

TO gain your *End*, this ſureſt *Method* take,
'Tis the laſt *Shift* a Lover need to make.
When thoſe enliv'ning *luſcious Sweets* you ſip,
In *Liquid Kiſſes* from each *Roſy Lip*;
Your *pointed Tongue* to her's like Light'ning dart,
As tho' you'd force a *Paſſage* to her Heart.
Your warm *Intent* thus cunningly betray
Of *darting* to her Heart a much more *pleaſing Way*.
If then her *flutt'ring Tongue* with yours ſhould meet,
That lucky Minute makes your Joys *Compleat*.
But, if unripe for thoſe engaging *Charms*,
She breaks diſguſted from your *longing Arms*;
Ask Pardon, and your baffl'd *Joys* delay,
And wait the coming of a *kinder* Day.

A KINDER *Day* in *warmer* Times is giv'n,
Their *Tempers* ſympathize with that of Heav'n.
Some hapleſs *diſappointed* Youths there are,
Who at wrong Seaſons have *attack'd* the FAIR.
Not at like Times all Vegetables grow,
But diff'rent Herbs their diff'rent Seaſons know:
The *Summer* has its Fruit, the *Winter* Sport,
And eager *Hunters* to the Hills reſort.
In *Autumn*, Vines their ripeſt Cluſters bring,
But Virgin *Wiſhes* ripen in the *Spring*.

WHEN the Year's Youth the blooming Month of *May*,
With dancing Hours, regales the lengthned Day:
New Beauties o'er the Face of Nature riſe,
And *Charms* long ſince unſeen by Mortal Eyes.
Sereneſt Breezes fan the quiv'ring Woods,
And Sun-Beams tremble o'er the glitt'ring Floods.
Now wand'ring *Lovers* all around 'em ſee
A World new dreſt in ſmiling Gayety.

THE *Lark*, the earlieſt of the feather'd Throng,
Tow'rs in her Flight, and riſes in her Song;
With Notes *harmonious* greets the coming Day,
And pays glad *Homage* to the *genial May*.
Each *wanton* PAIR with *am'rous Paſtime* cloy'd,
And *dying* Nymphs *luxurioufly* enjoy'd;
With *Love* inſpiring-Notes again ſhe *Fires*,
And tunes their Hearts afreſh to *new Deſires*:
Thus *raptur'd* by her heav'nly Muſick's *Charms*,
Again they *ſink* into each others Arms;
Confus'd, both Senſes *pleas'd*, at once they *lie*,
And *melting* Sounds with *melting* Lovers *die*.
In this gay Month, fond Youth, expect to find
Yourſelf more *Vig'rous*, and your Nymph more *Kind*;
Then *am'rous Flames* o'er all her Vitals reign,
The *Mantling Blood* boils high in ev'ry Vein:
The *Chaſteſt* Maid gives all her *Coyneſs* o'er,
And *freely* yields *what* ſhe refus'd before.
Now lead her to ſome ſecret ſilent Shade,
And to your Arms *bewitch* the yielding MAID;
Her *graſping* Hand with yours together plays,
Each *Kiſs*, with equal *Kiſſes* ſhe repays;
Now *ſinking*, *die*, with your *embracing* FAIR,
By *falling*, *riſe*, and *live*, by *dying*, *There*.

YE Gods, that make it your peculiar *Care*
To *join* a LOVER to his *Fav'rite* FAIR;
Give me ſome Nymph with ſoft Endearments *kind*,
To each warm *Wiſh* laſciviouſly *inclin'd*:
Yet all her *Thoughts* diſſembling with her *Mein*,
Tho' Gay in *private*, *openly* Serene;
By no light *Air* to publick *View* diſgrac'd,
Modeſtly *Wanton*, decently *Unchaſte*:
With *her* I'd *toy* a *luſcious* Life away,
In *Love* the Night, in *Luxury* the Day.

LET *rigid* Pedants ſcorn, and live by *Rule*,
Be ſtrictly *Taſteleſs*, and devoutly *Dull*;
Deſpiſe the *wanton* Charms of *Love* and *Verſe*,
And *hated* Morals in dry *Proſe* rehearſe.

STILL will I *Love*, ſtill to the youthful *Throng*
Make all my *Flames*, the Subject of my Song;
Each Day improving, *higher* yet I'll ſoar,
And *better* Paint 'em, as I feel 'em *more*.

A THIRST of *Pleaſure* to no *Rule* confin'd,
An Art in *Loving*, and a Taſte *refin'd*;
LOVE's fleeting *Joys* with Pauſes to delay,
And with judicious *Raptures die* away.
May *this* the utmoſt of my *Knowledge* be,
Pleaſure ALONE is *true* PHILOSOPHY.

ERRATA. Page 3, Line 22, for Light read Night. P. 4, L. 36, for make read made. P. 8, L. 27, for Nymps read Nymphs. P. 9, L. 12, for Supprizes read Surprizes. P. 10, L. 4, read Window.

FINIS.